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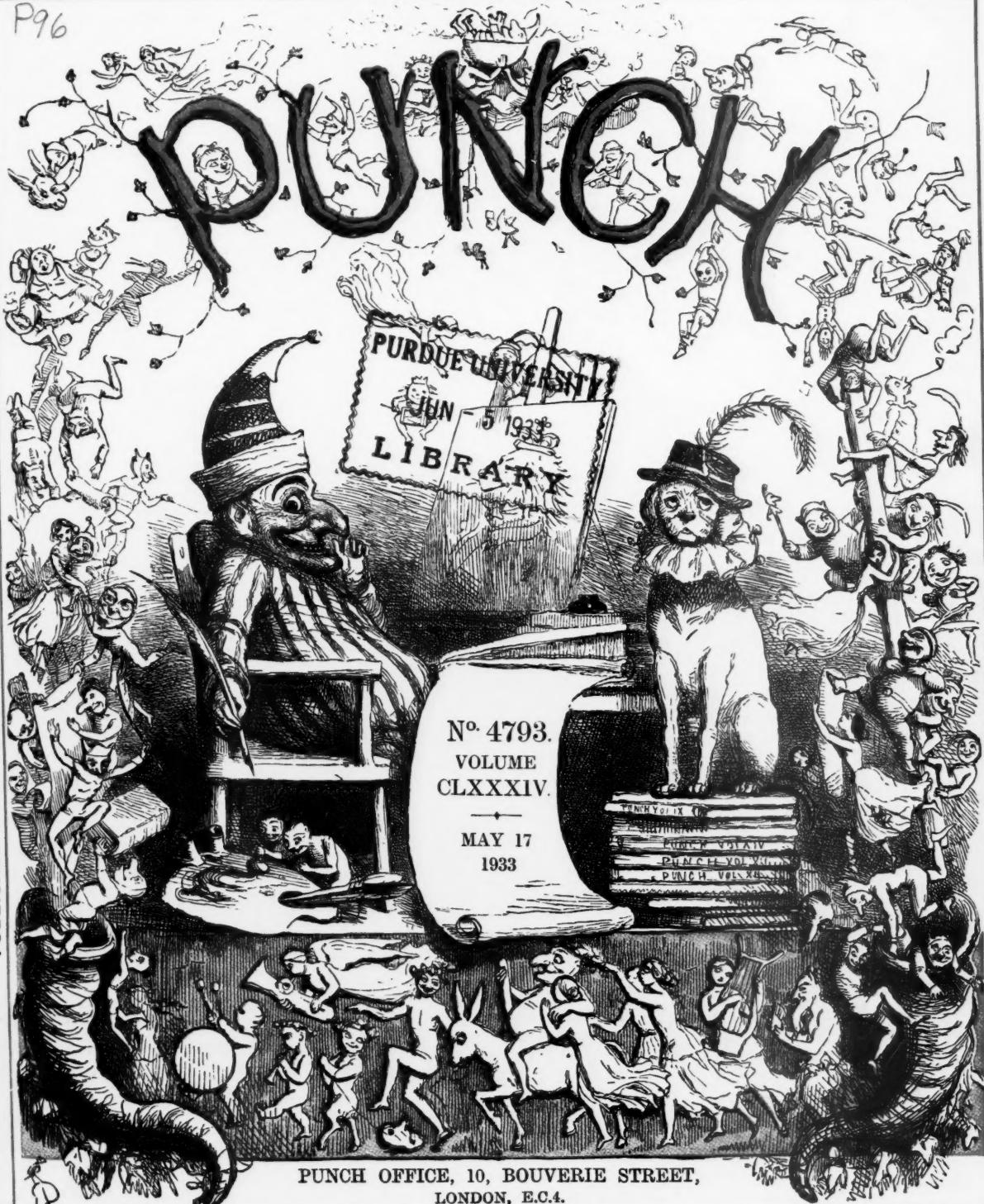
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P96

PRICE SIXPENCE

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LA CORONA

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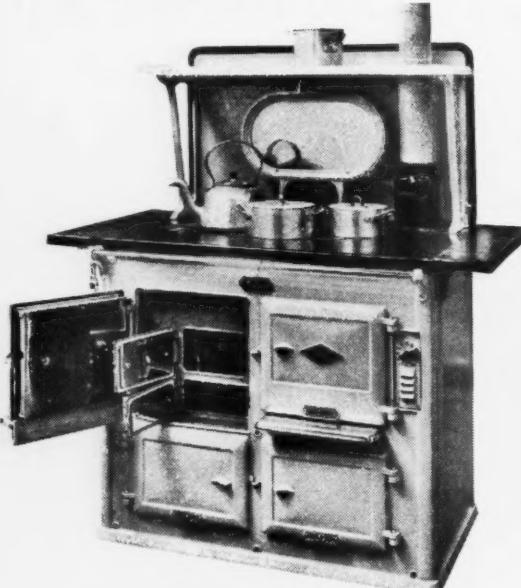
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FULL SPECIFICATION

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Depth of Top-plate	28"
Height	35½"
Roasting Oven (top right-hand)	14" wide, 12" high, 17½" deep
Baking Oven (bottom left-hand)	14" " 10" " 18" "
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Boiling Hot-plate	19" × 10½"
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S.W.B.

Charivaria.

A BURGLAR stole a hundred-and-fifty coat-hangers from a London warehouse. It doesn't seem likely, however, that he will give himself away by ordering all his suits from the same tailor.

"Why do pigeons congregate in Trafalgar Square?" asks a naturalist. For one good reason—all the pigeon-holes in Whitehall are full.

Among recently advertised bargains are six hundred black shirts at four-and-ninelpence to clear. British Fascists might avail themselves of the opportunity of buying a few dozen apiece.

"Locks that are stiff and hard to turn should be oiled with a feather dipped in good machine-oil," says a householder. If after this treatment the hair still stands on end, consult a good locksmith.

A tiger which escaped from a Continental Zoo ate two black cats. This should do much to dispel the popular belief that black cats are always lucky.

A film is to be made on the life of a mosquito. Something on the lines of *He Who Gets Slapped*, we suppose.

A student of affairs suggests that we should take a lesson from the cat, which uses its whiskers to ascertain whether a hole is wide enough for it to withdraw from. But so few of us have whiskers.

The Chinese military commanders frequently hold séances. The idea is evidently to find out which side they're supposed to be on.

A writer says that a man won't make progress unless he's wrapped up in his work. We doubt, however, whether he intended this to apply to paper-hangers.

Beauty Queens of the world will compete at Hollywood for the right to appear at Chicago Exhibition as "Miss

Universe." In the absence, that is, of entrants from any other planets.

The wife of a Brighton boatman claims that fifty years ago she invented the shingle. Nobody knows who invented the pier.

A Hollywood film-actress is said to have been married twenty-five times. We await news of her silver divorce.

A preacher has been denouncing the empty cradle as "a crying scandal."



Arthur Morris

Caller (in difficulties with automatic telephone-ringng operator). "WHAT DO I DO NOW? THERE'S A NOISE THAT'S NEITHER A 'BUR-R' NOR A 'BUZZ.'

The same words might be used, not inaptly, about the full one.

There is said to be a river of real ink in Northern Africa. What a dreadful fate to find yourself out of your depth in a volume of unpublished memoirs!

A writer reminds us that courtesy costs nothing. We shall, however, continue to omit "Yours very sincerely" from our telegrams.

Pupils at an aero club have to parade at dawn. In order no doubt to be up with the lark.

Motorists have found their way in the Sahara by following empty bottles thrown from French omnibuses. The far-flung bottle-line. ***

A scientist says that by nourishing the nervous system men can live to be a hundred-and-eighty. And thus actually become the owners of their cars.

It is said that Glasgow babies learn to walk sooner than London ones. It has been noticed too that they always toddle South.

"When the eye is pushed forward," says a phrenologist, "it indicates language." The same may be said of the eye that is pushed back.

A rate-collector in the Midlands was formerly a champion cross-country runner. And he is a harrier still.

Half-Measures.

(*A "dental control" for sensitive patients has been devised in U.S.A. The person in the chair by pressing a button turns off the electric current working the drilling-needle if the pain becomes unendurable.*)

WELL, that ought to diddle the dentist!

That ought to embarrass the brute
By training and practice apprenticed
To a ruthless and resolute route.

No longer the patient will languish,
Trussed up and denied any truce,
For lo! to diminish his anguish
He turns off the juice.

And the drill that was digging so deeply
Will suddenly cease to rotate,
While, escaping chastisement so cheaply,
The victim makes light of his fate.
But I must say this promised invention
Which hints at the dentists' defeat,
Though worthy of praise and attention,
Is not yet complete.

It is not sufficient to parry
A blow of this pitiless stamp;
We need an attachment to carry
The war to the enemy's camp;
Some electrical probe that will clearly
Permit of a counter-attack—
When the dentist has jabbed me severely
I WANT TO JAB BACK!

Poetry, Passion and Police.

"INVOLVED in a heated argument." That is what the policeman said the two men were. Or so my evening paper asserts. Nobody seems to know from what wells of English policemen draw the language that they use; and you or I might simply have said that the two men were quarrelling. Anyhow, they were charged with disorderly behaviour and had to pay fourteen shillings and sixpence each.

They were Twickenham men. And when you have heard how the involution of their argument came about, whence their hot spurt of anger arose, I think you will say: All honour to Twickenham and to Twickenham's men.

The policeman heard one of them say, "My heart aches. That's SHAKESPEARE."

To which the other replied, "No, it's KEATS."

Assertion followed denial and denial assertion. Arms were flung wildly about. Voices were raised. The footway was monopolised. The peace was disturbed.

There could only be one end to the matter. Unable to mitigate their fury, the policeman took them in charge. They were fined at Richmond last week in the full perfection of a morning of May.

Can there be other suburbs where not about HITLER and Herr ROSENBERG, not about body-line bowling, not about the release of Mr. GANDHI, nor wage-cuts, nor the glut of gold, nor the winner of the 4.15, Englishmen even now, in these days of sordid pleasures and barbarous pursuits, are discussing outside public-houses the master poets of England until the streets ring with their frenzied cries? Does Twickenham stand alone?

I hope not. I believe not. The cuckoo is here and the nightingale. There are violets in the hedgerows. The gardens are heavy with the scent of lilac and avenues are fragrant with lime. At Hampstead, at Hoxton, at Islington you shall hear, if you will pause to listen, conversations such as these:

A young girl, perhaps, beautiful as the spring itself, has passed by the corner outside the tavern where two thirsty loafers await the opening-hour.

First Loafer. That remind me of KEATS, that do—

*Hand the himperial votress passed on,
Hin myden meditytion, fancy free!*

Second Loafer. Garn!

First Loafer. How d' yer mean, "Garn"?

Second Loafer. What I sez—"Garn." That's no more KEATS than wot you are. That's SHYKESPEARE, that is.

First Loafer (scornfully). SHYKESPEARE! Now, look 'ere. Yer don't want a clip over the jaw, do yer?

Second Loafer. If I wanted a clip over the jaw I'd want a bigger man nor you ter give it me. 'Ave yer ever 'eard of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, or 'ave yer not, may I arsk?

First Loafer. Course I've 'eard of it.

Second Loafer. Well, oo wrote it?

First Loafer. GEORGE BERNARD SHORE.

Second Loafer. Out, egg! (Fells him to the ground with an empty quart bottle.)

A Bystander. Now is thy soul amorted by this blow
And thy fierce spirit leased unto death.

[*A large crowd gathers. A Policeman with leisurely steps arrives on the scene.*

Policeman. 'Ere then. What's all this about? Pass along there! Pass along! Get up off the ground there; you ain't hurt. And both of you come along with me.

[*Each grasped by an arm, and shouting "Shakespeare!" "Keats!" "Keats!" "Shakespeare!" they are impelled gently but firmly towards the nearest police-station, while the constable says to the Sergeant-in-charge—*

At 4 P.M. outside the "George" at Twickenham I was a-going of my usual rounds
When swift attention, like a toppling hawk,
Observed these runagates a-quarrelling
On whether KEATS was SHAKESPEARE, SHAKESPEARE KEATS.

A drowsy numbness seemed to fill the senses
Of one who on the flags was stretched o'erthrown.
The other poising, orgulous, to strike him—

[*Recollects himself and presents the charge in a slightly more usual manner, while the two combatants, still muttering "Shykespeare!" "Keats!" "Keats!" "Shykespeare!" are taken away to the cells.*

* * * * *
But at least we now know what Lord TRENCHARD is trying to do. Brawls of this kind, common as they are in London to-day, should not be allowed to waste the time of our magistrates. Given a police force well grounded in English literature their time will not be so wasted. Any officer will be able to settle a street fracas on the authorship of a given quotation at once. The fiercest uproar about poetry will be quelled by a few calm words from the constable on point duty:

*"What little town by river or sea-shore
Or mountain built with peaceful citadel
Is emptied of its folk this pious morn?"*

"Is that your difficulty?" he will say to the purple-faced lorry-driver. "You will find these words in the fourth stanza of JOHN KEATS's famous *Ode to a Grecian Urn*. In attributing them to *The Merry Wives of Windsor* your—er—mate is definitely incorrect.

"Peace ho! for shame! Compose yourself, sweet gentles,
And pass right round the standard to your left!"

[*They do so, darkling.*

EVOE.

Madame Nicotine.

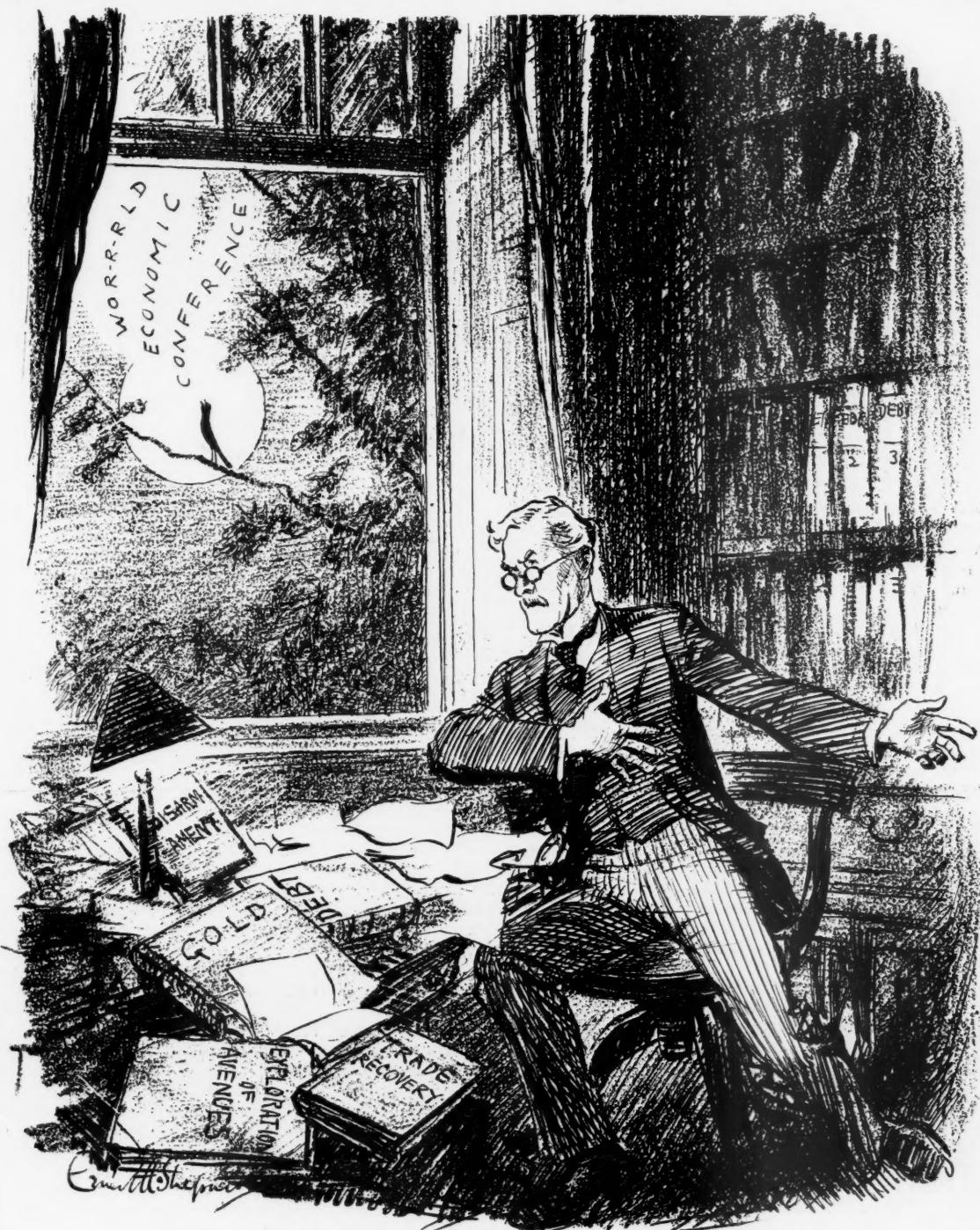
[*"This is nicotine, obtained from ordinary tobacco. It would kill all the hon. Members here!"—Mr. GLOSSOP, Conservative Member for Penistone, in the House of Commons.]*

LITTLE pipe with glossy bowl,
Giving bliss with every breath,
Little did I think thy soul
Was an instrument of death.

Dainty darling cigarette,
Can the news be really true
That your devotees will get
Fatal injuries from you?

Royal and sublime cigar,
Crown of pleasure's choicest day,
'Tis incredible you are
Just a demon out to slay.

Mercy, Madame Nicotine!
You to me are meat and bread;
You will ever be my queen,
Even though you strike me dead.



THE DOWNING STREET NIGHTINGALE.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD (*slightly altering MILTON*)—

"O NIGHTINGALE, THAT ON YON BLOOMY SPRAY
WARBLEST AT EVE, WHEN ALL THE STREETS ARE STILL,
THOU WITH FRESH HOPE A PREMIER'S HEART DOETH FILL."



THE RULING PASSION.

Scotch Constable (an enthusiastic angler who has stalked a poacher with a view to capture). "TACK CARE, MON! IF HE GETS DOON INTO THE ROUGH WATTER YE'LL LOOSE HIM."

The Peril of the Past.

"ON this very spot," said the Vicar gravely, "fell Egwulf the Saxon, fighting to his last gasp against the Jutes."

"Really," I said, and I took off my hat. After all, he must have been a brave man.

"Well, all the evidence points to this being the place. You see, the plains yonder"—and he indicated them with an adroit movement of his umbrella—"would be the immediate objective of the invaders; and the Jutes, under Hrof Skujor, naturally marched straight up the valley towards them."

"Did they?"

"Certainly," said the Vicar sharply, though I had never dreamed of doubting him. "Even Dickinson admits that."

As if I cared! Of Dickinson, whether rightly or wrongly, I had never heard, and in any case the prehistoric antics of the Jutes left me cold. Put me in a castle and tell me that the wicked Earl of Northumberland was besieged for ten weeks behind these very walls and I am with you all the way; but take me

to a field and say that it is believed to be the site of the Battle of Sedgemoor or an Annual Fun Fair of the Ancient Britons, and the most I can do is an occasional "Really?" to conceal my boredom. It may be the place all right, but there is absolutely nothing to show for it. Even the grass, I imagine, has changed since those days; so that it is idle to try to pretend that behind this particular tussock CADWALADYR or SIMON DE MONTFORT lay concealed for days. Supposing the Jutes did come up that valley (as even Dickinson admits)—what of it? Can you make yourself feel like a Jute by walking the same way and waving your umbrella about in a ferocious manner? I thought not.

No one can meet the Vicar of Penley in Moleshire without becoming aware of the existence of the Penley Natural Science Society, and only the most determined can avoid taking some part in its activities. My first visit to the neighbourhood coincided with a Fungus Foray, into the details of which I would much rather not go. I can detect the presence of the more oppressive kinds of fungus as readily as the

next man, but when it comes to tracking the things down and putting them in a tin box, as these foragers do, I have to confess myself beaten. My inclination has always been to keep them at a distance. At the end of the day the party's total bag was twenty-six specimens, including the very rare *Belgravia Beauty*—and excluding my own solitary contribution, which upon examination turned out to be a mushroom.

After that experience it was a relief to find this year that only an Archaeological Outing was down for decision within the limits of my stay. Undeterred by any previous experience of archaeologists, I entered the crowded charabanc with a light heart. Whither we were bound I knew not, but in my mind were visions of some noble castle and myself crouching behind an arrow-slit in the turret and loosing shaft after shaft from my walking-stick at an imaginary foe. There need be no difficulty about pretending once one is in a castle. Give me a moat and a little machicolation and I can be a man-at-arms in an instant, hurling great rocks at the enemy, throwing down their

scaling-ladders and shouting defiance at the stalwart figure of the Traitor Knight. A grand sensation—and here I was walking about in wet grass on the side of a hill and talking about the Jutes! Life is full of disappointments.

"Now this dip," the Vicar was saying as we halted before a largish hollow in the ground, "is very interesting—very interesting indeed."

I looked at it with considerable disfavour and said, "By Jove, yes." There seemed nothing else to say. I suppose I have seen a good many dips in my time up and down the country. Some I have fallen into and found annoying; others I have sat in to shelter from the wind and found useful. But I can honestly say that it has never yet occurred to me to call one interesting.

"Its purpose," continued the intolerable man, "is a matter of debate. Possibly it was used as a meeting-place for the family council; or it may have been an early type of kitchen—or perhaps the scene of the sacred *hooba* or sacrificial dance. We do not know."

"Mightn't it be just an ordinary natural—er—depression," I suggested—"just a hollow, you know?"

"My dear fellow, what an extraordinary idea! Quite apart from the evidence afforded by excavation, the frequency with which these dips occur in the neighbourhood puts any naturalistic explanation of their origin out of the question. There are some forty to fifty within a radius of two miles from where we stand."

It was an appalling prospect. "Oughtn't we to be rejoicing the others?" I said quickly, not because I cared for their company but because anything would be better than a personally-conducted tour of forty or fifty of these depressing dips—or so I thought until the Vicar spoke again.

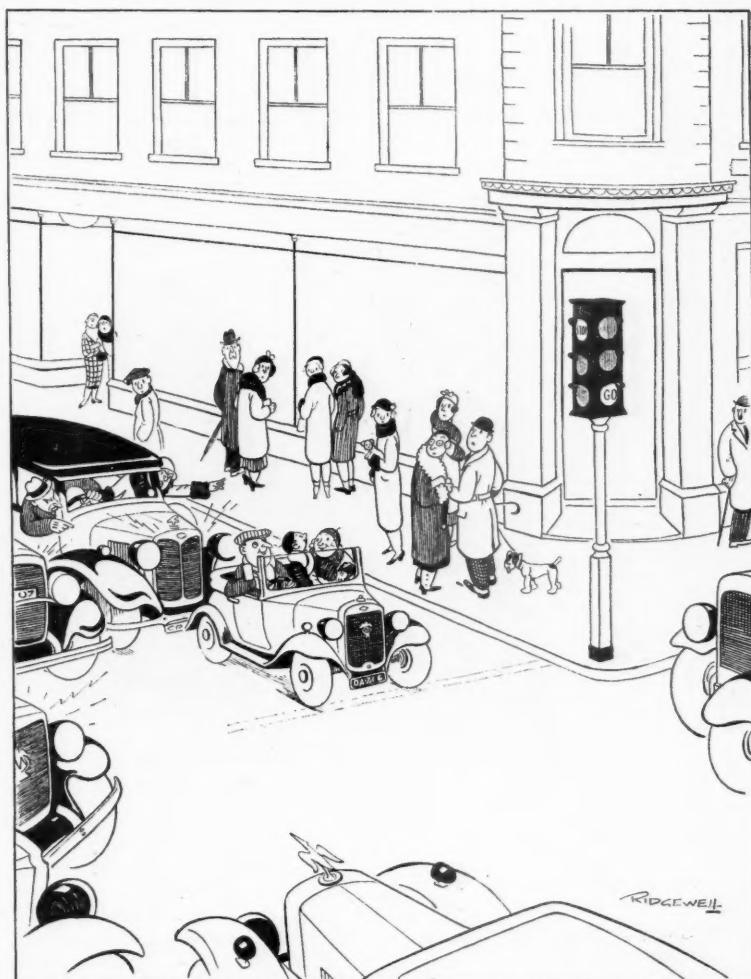
"Dear me, yes," he said. "We must hurry or we shall be late for the Talk. Dr. Kennedy is reading a paper on Tumuli at half-past three, you know. It would be a pity to miss that."

The situation seemed to call for instant action. To have escaped from the frying-pan of the dips only to be consumed in the fire of Dr. Kennedy's oratory on Tumuli was more than I could stand.

"Talking of dips," I said as casually as I could, "there is one over at Buttercombe, where I am staying, which has every appearance of having been made by the hand of man."

"Really?" said the Vicar, as to the manner born.

"Yes; of course it's rather overgrown in places, and I wouldn't have



Indulgent Parent. "HAROLD, WAIT AND LET THE LITTLE CHAP SEE IT TURN TO RED AGAIN."

mentioned it only some of the pottery there is quite——"

"Pottery?" he said, and halted.

"I'm afraid most of it is in a bad state of preservation," I said deprecatingly, "and I dare say that is why none of your archaeologists have bothered to take it away. Still, I am surprised that the coin I found there hadn't attracted any attention"—which was perfectly true; one doesn't often find a shilling thrown away like that.

The Vicar's eyes were nearly bulging out of his head. "A coin?" he gasped. "Do you mean to say you found an ancient coin in this place?"

"Well, I can't be sure about the actual date, of course, but the inscription on it was in Latin, and I imagine that——"

He interrupted me again. "Have you told anyone else of this?"

"No, I didn't think it worth while."

"My dear fellow, you don't seem to realise what this means. You may have stumbled on the most important discovery of recent years. Together—if you will permit me to help you—we can excavate the site, and Heaven knows what treasures we may not unearth! Our names will live for ever in the annals of archaeological research."

I let him ramble on until tea-time before I broke the news to him that I was leaving on the morrow and so could not conduct him to the place. But I promised to tell no one else about it, and gave him the most minute directions for finding his way.

I hope he will follow them. A visit to the Buttercombe Council rubbish-dump is bound to broaden his mind. Even Dickinson, I think, would admit that.

H. F. E.



"THE GENERAL DEPRESSION HAS RUINED ME, MADAM."
 "IN WHAT WAY, MY POOR MAN?"
 "BY DRASTICALLY RESTRICTING THE RESOURCES OF MY PATRONS."

The Game at Bogchester.

"YES!"

"No!"

"Come on!"

"Go back!"

"I tell you there is a run."

"And I tell you I'm staying here."

I turn to retrace my footsteps. But, alas! during the controversy with my pusillanimous partner the ball has been fielded and the wicket-keeper breaks my wicket at his leisure. My smart stroke to the covers has not only failed to produce the run which it merited but it has resulted in the loss of my wicket.

"You don't catch me like that!" calls out my partner, Captain Featherstonehaugh, from the other end of the pitch.

As I make my way back to the pavilion I am filled with indignation. It is not my own personal feelings which are uppermost in my mind, but the thought of the serious loss to the side which has been caused by the Captain's incompetence. I am little comforted by the reflection that, had he but followed my instructions and attempted the run, it would have been he who would have been run out—a loss of merely minor importance.

THE INNINGS CLOSES.

As I had expected, I find on my return to the pavilion that our captain, Sir George, views my dismissal with the gravest concern. A mere forty runs are on the board for the loss of nine wickets, and it seems unlikely that either the Captain or my man Meadows will add appreciably to the score. Our match with the Bogchester Rovers, which opens the cricket season in Bogchester, has always before ended in a win for the town, but this year we have been hoping to reverse the result.

Our fears, however, are quickly realised. Captain Featherstonehaugh, in attempting a heavy scythe-like stroke to the leg, overswings himself and sweeps his wicket to the ground, breaking two stumps and severely injuring the opposing wicket-keeper.

SIR GEORGE'S PLANS.

Our score has reached a total of forty-five. Although this is not altogether unsatisfactory, it is obvious that no runs must be given away if we are to pull off the match. That this thought is uppermost in Sir George's mind becomes apparent when he gives me the post of long-stop. For the attack he intends to rely almost entirely upon our slow bowlers. Sir George has undertaken the post of wicket-keeper, and he is of the opinion that fast bowling is as ineffective as it is dangerous.

Claude Gorge, the nephew of our captain, opens the bowling from the cowshed end, and at his first delivery the opposing batsman sends up an easy catch to where Captain Featherstonehaugh is fielding at point. But the Captain attempts to gain applause by bringing off a catch with one hand, and the ball slips between his ineffective fingers to the ground.

"By Jove I nearly had you that time!" he exclaims to the batsman without a trace of chagrin in his voice.

A CURIOUS SET-BACK.

But the batsman's good fortune is short-lived, for at the next delivery he treads heavily upon his wicket in attempting a defensive stroke. He is succeeded by Dr. Badger, the opposing captain, a batsman of particular stubbornness, whose chief scoring stroke is a well-placed leg-by.

It is in the following over that a misfortune occurs which bids fair to have an important effect upon the result of the match. The Bogchester batsman delivers a smart blow to the missile and drives it past cover-point into the clump of nettles near the boundary. From all quarters of the ground fieldsmen hurry to the place where the ball was last seen, but not a trace of it can be found. At the end of the sixth run I point out to the umpire that the ball is lost and no further runs can be added to the score. But the umpire, Joe Smithers of the "Black Swan," who has already shown a distinct inclination to favour the Bogchester team, disagrees with me. "It's not lost," he says; "it's in that there clump of nettles."

A lively argument breaks out and the batsmen continue to run up and down the pitch. During the ninth run Captain Featherstonehaugh, who has been sauntering back from the scene of the search, suddenly produces the ball from his pocket and whips off the bails.

"How's that?" he calls.

But at that instant Joe Smithers decides to agree with me. "Not out," he says. "The ball was lost, and only six of them runs will count."

"There you are," hisses the Captain to me. "You see what you have done by your interference."

"I prefer to play cricket according to the old code," I respond icily.

OUR OPPONENTS COLLAPSE.

But following this reverse fortune once more smiles upon our side. A smart catch at the wicket by Sir George is closely followed by a couple of straight balls from his nephew. Shortly afterwards Sir George relinquishes the post of wicket-keeper to Charles Stiggins, and Meadows, the fast bowler, is put on. As a result, Dr. Badger, who continues to play the Leg Bye Theory, is forced to retire hurt.

From now on the whole aspect of the match changes. Runs come slowly and wickets are going down fast. The ninth wicket falls with forty-four runs on the board, and Sir George decides that now is the time to produce his ace of trumps.

A look of panic comes over the faces of the Bogchester batsmen as they realise that I am about to bowl in the down-hill direction.

I lay my plans carefully.

It is my intention to deliver a well-pitched ball to the off which will compel the opposing batsmen to place a catch into the hands of point. With this end in view I motion Captain Featherstonehaugh nearer and nearer to the pitch, but it is with only the greatest reluctance that he approaches a scene of supposed danger.

"Much better put us all out on the boundary," he says moodily; but I am adamant.

A CLOSE FINISH.

I am taking my run up to the wicket and am on the point of delivering my missile when I notice that the batsman at my end of the pitch has already moved out of his ground in anticipation of a run. Realising that here is a chance of winning the match at a single stroke, I endeavour to check my delivery and put down his wicket. But, alas! I am just too late. The ball flies from my hand and goes off in an entirely unexpected direction.

Before the ball is halfway down the pitch I observe that the umpire is already signalling a wide. But the next instant it has descended swiftly on to the head of Captain Featherstonehaugh, who is directing all his attention to the other wicket. From there it bounds towards the batsman, who is already rushing from his ground. With an ill-timed stroke he directs

it on to his wicket and it is caught behind by the wicket-keeper.

Discussion now breaks out on all sides. It is my contention that the batsman has been bowled, caught, run out, stumped and played on, and in this I am supported by Sir Henry, who is umpiring at the opposite end. But the other umpire insists that Captain Featherstonehaugh was guilty of obstruction and that the ball was a wide, anyhow. It is in vain that I point out that no ball can be a wide until it passes the opposite wicket. Captain Featherstonehaugh adds to the confusion by claiming that his name should go down in the score-book as the bowler of the ball.

The discussion still rages when Sir Henry looks at his watch and informs us that it is time to draw stumps.

The match is declared a draw, but I am left in little doubt as to which side has actually gained the day.

H. W. M.



THE MAN WHO MEANT TO HAVE HIS MONEY'S-WORTH.

Songs of a Sub-Man.

I.—I'm Not a Vegetarian.

ALTHOUGH I never pandered
To cruelty or greed,
I set too high a standard
Entirely to succeed;
I'm not a vegetarian—
I never felt inclined
To so unhumanitarian
An attitude of mind.

I can't help feeling sorry for a radish;
I can't help feeling pity for a pea.
How a man can be so narrow with a vegetable-marrow
Has always been a mystery to me.
I look on it as cowardly and caddish
To massacre a pea-nut in its shell;
My views may be mistaken, but I keep to eggs and bacon;
And, after all, I manage very well.

I hate to see the life of a tomato
Inhumanly and mercilessly wrecked;
I look upon a beetroot as a sensitive and sweet root
Deserving admiration and respect.
I hate to see an apple in a tart, oh!
Imprisoned like a felon in a cell.
Humanity, awaken! Oh, return to eggs and bacon!
And, after all, you'll manage very well.

I weep for all the metres
Of asparagus they grow
For the vegetable-eaters
Of sinister Soho.
In some later generation,
Dare I hope will be revealed
Rather more consideration
For the lilies of the field.

My creed, which many look upon as crazy,
Was formulated many years ago.
I believe that souls of ours go to dwell in fruits and flowers
When their human life is finished here below.
A stockbroker may turn into a daisy,
A barrister become a heather-bell.
This faith of mine's unshaken; that is why I keep to bacon,
And, after all, I manage very well.

I like to think a plum may be a PLATO
For anything that anyone can know;
I like to think an onion may contain the soul of BUNYAN
Or a lettuce be the dwelling of DEFOE.
KING PTOLEMY may lurk in this potato;
This celery be SHAKESPEARE—who can tell?
Oh! leave its spears unshaken. Not on SHAKESPEARE but
on bacon
I'll live. And I shall manage very well.

A Pearl of the Pellucid.

"It was bitingly cold, his position was cramped, and he became more and more weary—but he knew that his only hope of life lay in keeping alive."—*Malay Paper*.

"Mr. MacDonald denied inviting Mr. Roosevelt to come to London and said the matter was never mentioned between them."

"I am certain it would give rise to great discontent and would not necessarily increase the efficiency of the Force if the chief positions are filled from outside."—*Evening Paper*.

All the same it would be fun to have Mr. ROOSEVELT at Scotland Yard.

The Dramatic Critic Attends a Wedding.

THE wedding of Miss Nancy Girhamite to Mr. Bertram Bunter, which was performed for the first time at St. Cuthbert's Church yesterday afternoon, is a show I can thoroughly recommend.

A distinguished company of wedding-goers filled every inch of the auditorium, which is famous for the most comfortable stalls in London. Several well-known men-about-town were obliged to be content with standing-room only, as all the seats were reserved a week ago. The Dowager Lady Muff, who never misses a wedding, was in the front row of the gallery. Some spectators had stood in the queue for five hours.

A stage-door crowd of over five thousand occupied the pavement outside—no small tribute to the drawing-power of Miss Girhamite as the Bride. About a hundred cases of fainting were treated by the St. John's Ambulance Brigade, and thirteen motor-cars were mislaid in the crowd. I have no hesitation in saying that there is a great future for weddings, properly organised, as a public entertainment, and that the great wedding-public has come to stay.

It is difficult to speak too highly of the performance of the Bishop of Bong, who spoke his lines with sonorous dignity, in pleasing contrast to the conversational gabbling one sometimes hears. A word of praise is also due to the five inferior clergy, whose gestures were an object-lesson for all wedding amateurs. The musical accompaniment, consisting mainly of selections from WAGNER and MENDELSSOHN, was in the hands of Dr. Allegro ma non Troppo, whom I have heard with pleasure at the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts. If a suggestion may be allowed, I should like to see a breakaway from the cinema-organ tradition in favour of a good old English orchestra. The choir was adequately trained.

Lord Coconut, who was cast as the Best Man, is the best Best Man I have ever seen. His interpretation of the part was essentially modern—business-like without being too slick, frankly realistic, yet with just the requisite touch of sinister occult authority. He suggested the conscious instrument of destiny rather than the purely malevolent bachelor.

Mr. Bertram Bunter as the Bridegroom scored the success of his career. It is amazing to reflect that he has never played this exacting part before. During a fairly long experience I have never heard the Bridegroom's speeches so beautifully and manfully articulated. His rendering of the famous "I will!" speech was a masterpiece of tragic irony. I shall follow Mr. Bunter's career with great interest, and shall make a point of attending any weddings in which he may perform. He is by far and away the best bridegroom we have to-day.

Miss Nancy Girhamite maintained the right level of emotional intensity throughout her exceptionally difficult part. Her first entrance was sensational. The crowd gasped with admiration at her superb poise. I felt ready to clap myself. My toe was trodden on five times by spectators anxious to see over my head. When the heroine approached the crucial "To obey or not to obey" passage excitement rose to fever heat. I shall never forget the thrill when the carefully kept secret was dramatically revealed, and in ringing tones Miss Girhamite promised to obey Mr. Bunter. This I thought was authentic drama. I noticed several Special Correspondents stealing out by the South door to telephone the news. Miss Girhamite should certainly be presented in this part again.

Although I personally do not place the highest value upon mannequin parades, I cannot withhold the credit due to the well-drilled Bridesmaids' Chorus, who were



Macaw (which has recently been kept in the kitchen, hearing front-door bell). "LET 'EM RING, DEARIE—LET 'EM RING!"

responsible for the spectacular side of this fine production. Their posing and team-work were artistically perfect. A good training in the Bridesmaids' Chorus is the best preparation for starring as the Bride. Miss Girnhamate herself was in the Chorus a month ago.

The costumes were by Luxury and Co., and the libretto by Messrs. Ancient and Modern.

Mr. and Mrs. Bunter afterwards posed for a news-film. In response to many demands for a speech, Mr. Bunter said he was very grateful for the public support accorded to his somewhat ambitious production. With the aid of his leading lady, whom he was taking for a short tour, he was confident he would do his duty by the public and brighten this country for many years to come.

I here take the opportunity of wishing them a record run. I have felt twice as young again since I saw their splendid performance.

A word to the B.B.C. Is it not time we heard a first-class wedding performance broadcast? I am confident Mr. Bunter, as an Old Bridegroom, would make a brilliant commentator.

With regard to Mrs. MOLLISON'S reprimand from the Royal Aero Club, we are reminded that in the old days it took forty poles to make one rood.

Will the bottle which has just reached the coast of Norway after a two-years' journey from the United States please return home at once as important work has been found for it?

"The main floor of Cochrane St. Church was pretty well filled on Saturday evening when the Rev. John E. Brown delivered a sermon on the subject 'Hell here and hell hereafter,' which was very encouraging."—*Newfoundland Paper*.
To whom?



"LOOK AT HIS DISGRACEFUL TENNIS-SHIRT! FELLAH'S A DASHED NUDIST."

Letters to an Exile.

DEAR ROONA.—The first swallows I saw this year were near Ashford; the first cricket I saw this year was on a village ground in Sussex beside the high road: at Sandhurst, in fact. I was in a great hurry to keep an appointment, but had to stop. How could I disregard such an auspicious event? "I'll see two overs," I said; but after only one over and three balls, a high catch was miraculously held by an outfield running backwards; and on I went, sorry for the smiter, glad for the catcher and glowing with satisfaction that another season had begun.

And now for the body-line excitements!

Your old friend VICTOR pulled rather a good one at dinner the other evening. Although there were only eight of us, four roast fowls were set before him on which to operate with the famous carving-knife. With his customary skill he dismembered the birds, retaining in the dishes eight legs and four breasts and distributing the rest. It looked very wasteful, but if you had seen the old boy's delighted countenance when he had brought off his joke you would have thought the money well spent. When we were served he said, "Now, then, what new play are we assisting at?" As

no one could or would guess the answer, he himself, as was only right, supplied it: "*All God's Chillun Got Wings.*"

I have just come across an advertisement of seventy years ago which seems to offer material for yet another of "E. P. W.'s" conversations between BOSWELL and his Bear. This is an extravaganza entitled *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia; or, The Happy Valley*, which was following the Dundreary play, *Our American Cousin*, at the Haymarket Theatre in 1863. The stage version of Dr. JOHNSON's apologue was written by WILLIAM BROUH, with magnificent scenery by O'CONNOR and MORRIS. The Ballet and Action produced under the direction of Mons. PETIT. *Rasselas*, Miss LOUISE KEELEY; *Beni Zong Zoung (an Arab Chief)*, Mr. W. FARREN; and so forth—quite a long cast, concluding with Dr. Johnson himself, played by Mr. TILBURY. It is extremely unlikely that any copies of the script exist, so that we shall never know how JOHNSON got into the play. But his views on the whole matter might be well worth recreating.

In one way, at any rate (I thought the other day as I watched a boy climb on the back of a loaded motor-van), the world is getting better. Because in the era of horse-drawn vehicles, whenever a boy was seen obtaining, like this, a secret lift, the tendency was to

call to the driver, "Whip behind!" and then the boy would drop off and run. Considering that the boy was doing no harm, but just being a boy, and considering that the people who called out "Whip behind!" had once been young themselves, this interference was contemptible. Well, as there are no longer any horse-drawn vehicles on which boys would want to climb, and therefore no whips to be chastised by, this particular encouragement of the paltry side of human nature is over. Hence the modest improvement in the world to which I alluded.

I had a letter the other day from an Irish girl who has been learning to be a nurse in an English hospital. It ended in this way: "I feel very tired of life, perhaps because so many patients have died this last few nights. It's very depressing. I think the sooner I get back to Ireland and have a swipe at a rat the better."

Ireland? The next Sweep? Is it possible that once again my tickets will be unplaced? In a brief fortnight I shall know. Meanwhile I am pondering the advice of a sagacious friend who remarked, "If you want to win the Irish Sweep you must first open a fried-fish shop." Too late this time, but I may think seriously of taking the step before the Cambridgeshire is run.

Yours, E. V. L.

The Jolly Waggoners.

MIGRATORY commercial

Standing beside the bar,

His boxes of silk stockings

Piled in the baby-car;

Prices are low and things are slow,

But it's hot, and here we are!

*Where are the jolly waggoners,
The merry singing waggoners,
The crack-a-whip full-flagoners
Who drank here long ago?*

Confectioner's assistant

Who drives his motor-van;

Funny the way the Government

Picks on the working-man;

They still keeps beer a sight too
dear,

But draw 's another can!

*Where are the jolly waggoners,
The sturdy English waggoners,
The George-who-killed-the-Dragon-ers
Who drank here long ago?*

Driver of lorry carting spuds

From Barley-under-Mow,

And the finest flaming blooms you've
seen

To Lazey Flower-Show;

But thirst is thirst, and first comes
first;

It's 'ot an' 'ere we go!

*Where are the jolly waggoners,
The dust-caked sunburnt waggoners,
The crack-a-whip full-flagoners
Who drank here long ago?*

Lady Macbeth's Charming Home.

In honour of the Royal visit the *Macbeths* have had their place at Inverness entirely modernised. The decorations have been carried out by KOMISARJEVSKY.

A novel and artistic feature is a unique collection of large aluminium dustbins and small aluminium gasometers, which *Lady Macbeth* laughingly confessed that she had bought at an absurdly low figure from the Scottish Army Disposal Board after the recent Norwegian invasion. When floodlighted with red a delightful note of warmth is struck.

Nature-lovers among the *Macbeths'* house-party will miss the well-known temple-haunting martlets which arrived as usual in the spring, but, finding that the modernisation had done away with every jutty, frieze, buttress and coign of vantage, and obtaining no clawhold on the smooth aluminium, they have deserted the castle.

The aluminium motif is carried right



ADVENTUROUS YOUNG PERSON WRITING HOME.

"... IT'S SIMPLY TOO MARVELLOUS TO KNOW ONE IS MAKING THIS HECTIC JOURNEY ENTIRELY BY ONESELF!"

through into the banqueting - hall, where each guest has a wooden cube to sit on, the tables being larger cubes — a novel and pretty idea.

The difficulty of the multitudinous stairs in which these old places abound has been overcome by a clever system of lifts by which the beds of the guests can be elevated right into the hall itself. There is a story going the rounds up there to the effect that a sportive thane caused considerable amusement at an important banquet by the untimely manipulation of the lever, which projected a sleeping guest right into the port and cigars.

The hall is fitted up with a cine-

matograph and loud-speakers. Cauldron cookery demonstrations are given nightly by three talented sisters, who, by the way, have in addition made quite a name for themselves in those parts by the uncanny accuracy of their fortune-telling.

Although to my mind the Inverness alterations are absolutely the last word, opinions are bound to differ. I am reminded of the witty *mot* of the *Thane of Fife* (who is, of course, a *Macduff*), who, having proceeded as far as the Royal suite, neatly remarked, "Confusion now hath made his masterpiece." He left for England shortly afterwards.

Misleading Cases.

*Rex v. Boot, Mallock and Tate.
(BEFORE MR. JUSTICE WOOL.)*

THE trial of the Ealing burglary case, in which one of the accused is a police-constable, was advanced a stage further at the Old Bailey to-day.

The prisoners, Mallock and Tate, described by the Crown as "professional housebreakers," have denied all connection with the crime. Constable Boot, however, giving evidence to-day, swore that he entered the house in the two men's company and that the burglary was suggested and planned by himself, acting as an *agent provocateur*.

Sir Henry Moke, K.C. (for Mallock and Tate), cross-examining. You say you persuaded Mallock and Tate to commit this crime?

Boot. Yes, Sir.

Sir Henry. Before the conversation at "The Green Man" they had no thought of burgling the premises known as "Minnehaha"?

Boot. Not to the best of my knowledge and belief—no, Sir. Not "Minnehaha."

Sir Henry. Will you explain to the Court why you, an officer of the law, induced these two innocent citizens to commit a breach of the law?

Boot. To get them put out of the way, Sir. I know them of old, Sir. Dangerous characters. They'd burgle you as soon as look at you, so to speak.

Sir Henry. I see. So, in order to prevent them from burgling me, so to speak, you induced them to burgle "Minnehaha" in order that they might be safely disposed in jail?

Boot. That's right, Sir.

Sir Henry. And had you any authority or instructions from your superiors to behave in this Machiavellian manner?

Boot. No, Sir. Come over me sudden when I see them conspiring in the bar. Force of habit, like.

Sir Henry. Thank you, Milord, I don't think I need question this witness any more.

Later Mr. Valentine Frock, for Boot, developed this novel line of defence:—

He said: "It is all very well, milord, for me learned friend to register incredulity and resume his seat when for once he is confronted with a witness who refuses to be frightened or even shaken by his formidable arts. But on

consideration he must admit that to anyone acquainted with certain trends of modern English life and with the personal history of Boot there is nothing fantastic or even surprising in my client's story. Boot, as you will hear, is an extremely efficient officer, devoted to duty, perhaps over-eager for promotion—"

The Judge. Boot? Boot? I seem to know the name. Wasn't he the officer who stood for three hours in front of a motor-car in order to secure a conviction for obstruction?

"Yes, milord, the same," counsel continued. "Boot has been extensively

and so we have to have inspectors and spies to prevent the people from doing what we tell them not to.

"The result of this is that quite a number of people do do what they are told to do. And the result of that is that a number of inspectors and spies spend a good deal of valuable time spying on the wrong people—that is, the people who do the right thing and have no intention of doing what they were told not to do. And as there are only a limited number of spies this is a waste of spy-time. The aim of any efficient system should obviously be to bring the spies into contact with the wrongdoer in the quickest possible time, and if possible at the moment when the wrongdoer is doing wrong, so that he may be punished quickly and prevented from doing wrong again. But many potential wrongdoers have a tiresome habit of loitering about and refusing to do the wrong which the spy is there to prevent them from doing.

"Therefore the most economical method has been found to be for the spy to arrange for the wrongdoer to do wrong on a date when it is convenient for the spy to be there. This is a saving in overhead expenses, and releases the spy for further activities elsewhere.

"Accordingly, milord, if a man who has been told not to sell intoxicants after a certain hour tiresomely refuses to sell them after that hour, the practice is to send a policeman to him in disguise; and this policeman, using all the subtle arts and eloquence of the Force, at last persuades the reluctant

wrongdoer to sell him intoxicants at some unlawful time. After that he is brought up before the magistrates, and that teaches him not to do wrong again.

"Now, milord, this policeman, more often than not, is Constable Boot. Possessed of unusual charm of manner, command of language and a cunning capacity for disguise, he has proved himself invaluable in this class of case. He began, like most great men, in a small way, luring young children out of ice-cream shops in order that they might consume their ice-creams illegally upon the pavement; enticing chemists to sell him tooth-brushes at improper hours; extracting brandy from benevolent grocers who believed the sad story of his dying mother; or worming his way into the friendship of publicans in order that at last they might provide



SIGNOR PROFUNDO, WHO IS SUFFERING FROM TEMPORARY LOSS OF VOICE, DETERMINES NOT TO LET HIS REPUTATION DOWN.

him with a friendly but criminal ale at one minute past ten. But such was his success in all these branches that promotion was inevitable. He has passed from the common tavern to the night-club of Soho; and from those raffish resorts to the distinguished haunts of the rich—always in disguise, always provoking the commission of offences, to the end, milord, that offences may not be committed. Boot can wear tails with the air of an English nobleman and a Tuxedo like an American banker. He belongs to clubs so celebrated that I dare not, unless I am compelled, disclose their names.

“In one case, milord, which it is unnecessary for me to relate in detail, he was seconded or lent for duty with the King’s Proctor; and he was so successful in securing the affections of an unfortunate petitioner who had obtained a decree *nisi* that that decree was rescinded.

“And now, as he has frankly told the Court and jury, the thing has become a habit. He does not, like the rest of us, assume that every citizen is innocent until the contrary is proved; he assumes that every citizen will break the law if he is given the chance—and is waiting for a chance to break the law without detection. Which is more, you will perceive, than the doctrine of Original Sin; it is the doctrine of Original Sin plus Intent to Deceive the Authorities. So, when he observes two citizens of stealthy appearance and dusky reputation conferring together in a drinking-house, he at once assumes that they are ripe for burglary. And, although off-duty and without authority, his training, instinct and sense of duty impel him to the conclusion that rather than permit these men to commit a series of furtive burglaries at their own sweet will they must be persuaded at once to commit one official burglary and be sent to prison for it.”

His Lordship, in summing-up, said: “As for Boot, you may well conclude that his defence is a good one. If the Crown is going to employ policemen to commit offences in order to prevent them I do not see where the process is to stop. If it is right for them to take wine unlawfully it may be right for them to take jewels unlawfully—and even perhaps to take life unlawfully; for, if a man were considered likely to commit a great many murders, it could easily be argued that the best thing was to persuade him to commit a single murder on some occasion when the police were present in order that he might be hanged at once and so might



“LOOKS LIKE A PLAIN-CLOTHES MAN TO ME.”

be prevented from committing the others.

“As for the circumstance that Constable Boot had no direct authority for his act, a policeman, like a doctor, is in a sense always on duty. If he detects a burglary in process or preparation he will not be excused for failing to take steps to prevent it because it is his evening off; and so, if the steps taken by Boot were of the same character as the steps which he takes in the ordinary day-to-day execution of his duty the fact that he was not technically on duty appears to me to be immaterial. But that, like all the really difficult questions, is a question for the jury.”

STOP PRESS.

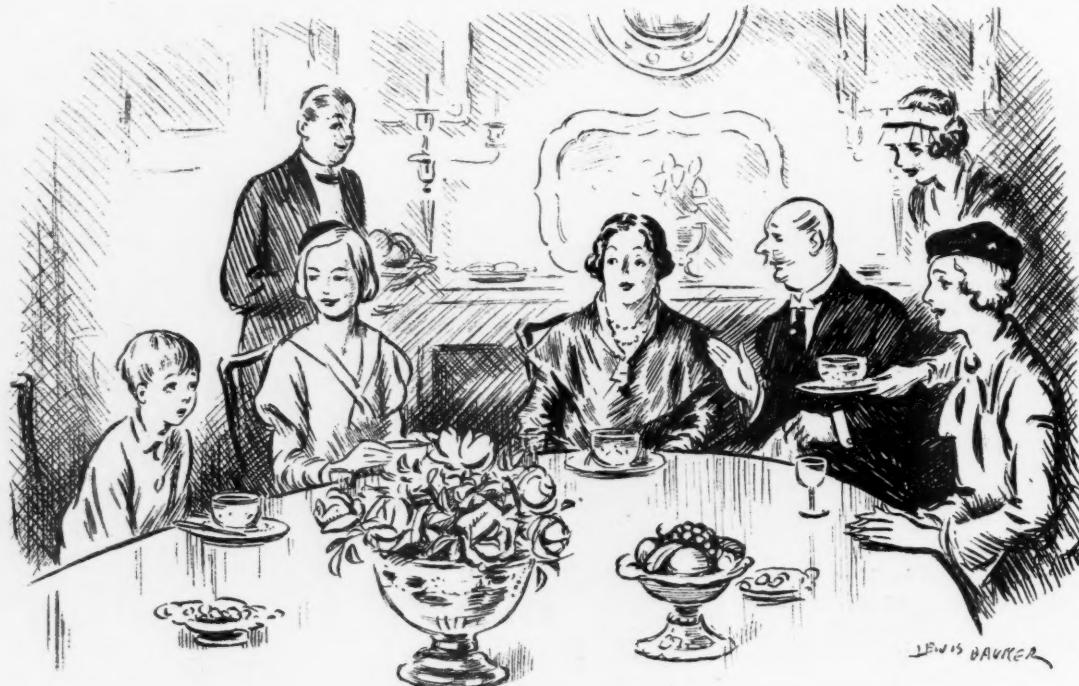
Ealing Burglary Result.

Mallock and Tate : 3 years’ penal servitude. Boot acquitted.

A. P. H.

Somewhere in Austria, we are reminded, is a man who is walking backwards across Europe. We confess with shame that our attention had strayed from this gallant and solitary figure.

“Mr. Lang has to be ‘knocked’ if this Easter conference decides to do certain things, and that accounts for the milk in the cocoanut.”—*Australian Paper*.
But not for the “t.”



Small Boy (at his first luncheon party). "MUMMY, HOW DO I EAT WATER WITH A KNIFE AND FORK?"

Dream-House-Hunting.

A Tragedy of Frustration.

THOUGH my habitat's suburban, my desire to wear a turban

Or a fez from early youth has never ceased;
An elephant excites me, a rhinoceros invites me
To "the havoc and the splendour of the East."

And it's just the same with Sally, who was born in the Thames Valley

But never wished to own a moated grange,
While in moments of expansion the lordliest Mayfair mansion
For a lodge in the Sahara she'd exchange.

Hence the slender chance of making Thirty Thousand by sweepstaking

Our ordinary rule of life upsets;
We neglect domestic duties for a world of dusky beauties,
Of camels, sheikhs, and domes and minarets.

We build a Moorish villa at Timgad or Melilla.

We bask beside a tropical lagoon;
Or erect a smart gazebo on the banks of Essequibo
Or a castle in the Mountains of the Moon.

At times we spread our pinions for a flight to the Dominions

Or India's scented paradise explore:
We import a herd of quagga to enliven Wagga-Wagga,
Or rent a bungalow at Bangalore.

Anon we set our faces to the vast wide open spaces

Which are peopled by the ephelcystic gnu;
We have no dread of combats with wallabies or wombats
After studying their habits at the Zoo.

Still we make some reservations in dealing with temptations
If we managed to unearth a golden crock;
We never should "go fanti" if we settled in Ashanti,
And never in Malaya run amok.

In no spirit of bravado we are lured by Colorado
But animated solely by the aim
Of collecting useful data *re the decemlineata*,*
To check its deadly decimating game.

Sally longs to start a dairy or keep hens upon the prairie,
Or an apple-orchard on the Kootenay,
Though she thinks it might be cramping to her style to think of camping

In an igloo on the coast of Baffin's Bay.

* * * * * But alas! that roseate visions should be shattered by decisions

Impossible to change or nullify;
Though to-morrow we are stealing from our maisonette in Ealing
It is only to a flat in Peckham Rye.

C. L. G.

* *Doryphora decemlineata*, the world's worst beetle.



PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

HERR HITLER. "THE WORLD PERSECUTES US. WE WANT PEACE. . . . YOU WILL NEVER ERADICATE THE DEMAND FOR EQUAL RIGHTS IN OUR PEOPLE. . . . WE WANT TO STRIVE, TO WORK, TO LIVE IN BROTHERHOOD."

[Extract from the GERMAN CHANCELLOR'S May-day speech.]



Essence of Parliament.

Monday, May 8th.—A report that the battlefield of Waterloo is likely to become eligible freehold sites has aroused the apprehensions of Sir WILLIAM DAVISON. The FOREIGN SECRETARY could not confirm a report that the Belgian Parliament had rejected the proposal, but was in touch with H.M. Ambassador in Brussels.

Seeing that the Battle of Waterloo was notoriously won elsewhere there seems to be no real ground for alarm.

In a lengthy reply to Mr. LAW, Major ELLIOT outlined the legislation which the Government proposes to introduce at an early date to regulate quantitatively the supplies of foreign fish coming into the British market, to regulate the size of fish-net mesh so as to facilitate the escape of undersized fish, and to restrict at certain seasons landings of poor quality fish from distant fishing-grounds. A Reorganisation Committee would be set up to draft proposals for the re-organisation of the fishing industry.

Yes, said the MINISTER in answer to various inquiries, the export herring industry's needs, the marketing of fish and the question of oil discharged about the coast would all be considered.

So it will soon be a case of:—

"Will you grow a little faster?" said the trawler to the sole,
"For the net I've got to catch you in has got a larger hole.
They are wanting you for breakfast, though the prices still advance;
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you come and join the dance?

There's a market for the megrim, there's a big demand for dabs, The Torbay sole will soon be seen on all the mongers' slabs;
There's a quantitative limit on the fish that comes from France,
So will you, won't you, will you, won't you come and join the dance?

There is promise for the trawler, there'll be profits for the smack, But keep on growing bigger, please, or we must put you back.
The Minister has done his best our fortunes to enhance;
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you come and join the dance?

There's rejoicing down in Billingsgate, all Grimsby smiles anew, For the fish are getting bigger and the price is bigger too.
Here comes the Fish Inspector, you can tell him at a glance, Will he, won't he, will he, won't he—you can bet he'll join the dance."

In Committee of Supply on Civil Estimates the House concerned itself with a resolution by Viscount ELMLEY calling for a kind word for local governments, especially in connection with agricultural unemployment, water supply and sewers. All the makings of a rollicking afternoon, in fact, with Mr. LEVY seconding and Mr. C. BROWN saying a kind word for Lord ELMLEY's "admirable case" for a comprehensive rural housing policy.

Sir F. FREMANTLE explained that there was a world of difference, where water-supplies were concerned, between

thirty-seven-and-threepence a week, out of which fourteen shillings went on rent. How could eleven people be properly nourished on twenty-three-and-threepence a week?

The House next considered a resolution of Dr. MCLEAN that the Government should have a national development plan and appoint a National Development Survey Committee, consisting of all the Government Departments concerned. Exactly what a national development plan is did not transpire, but several Members thought it would be nice to have one; but while

Mr. KINGSLEY GRIFFITH intimated that it would have to be a Liberal plan to be any good, Mr. ATTLEE was convinced that anything but a Socialist plan would be worse than useless. Major PROCTER, more optimistic than most, not only hoped the Government would set up a Committee but that it would also provide funds.

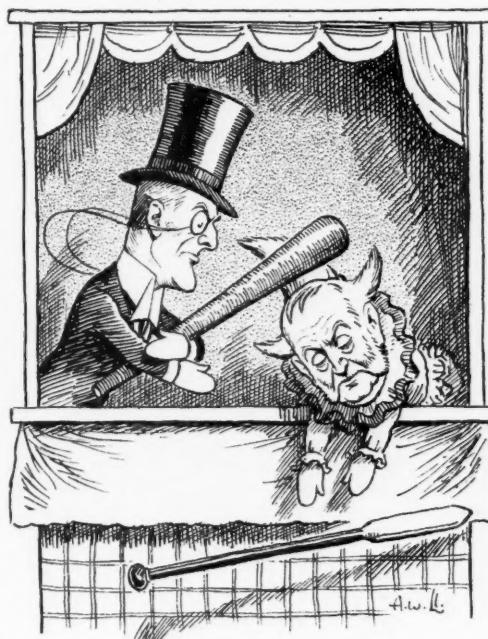
Dr. BURGIN repudiated the suggestion that there was any lack of planning on the part of the Government. National planning was in the air and was engaging the attention of the Government.

To show that this was really the case, Sir THOMAS INSKIP thereupon revealed a plan to have a new High Court Judge.

Tuesday, May 9th.—The Lords to-day attacked a variegated legislative menu, with the codifying Local Government Bill as the soup—and pretty thick soup too, for it repeals, as the LORD CHANCELLOR points out, forty-seven Acts of Parliament and parts of one hundred and seventy-seven others; the Rubber Industry Bill as the joint—and a pretty tough joint, if we are to take Lord BANBURY'S word for it,

since it makes United Kingdom rubber manufacturers subscribe to the funds of the Rubber Research Association whether they want to or not; a remove in the shape of the Government of India (Amendment) Bill, which, Lord IRWIN explained, will keep the Provincial Councils going until they emerge clothed with new majesty from the Joint Select Committee's recreative brain; and, for a sweet, a humble address to HIS MAJESTY praying for a new High Court Judge.

Mr. HENDERSON STEWART asked the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND if he were aware that Scotland was suffering from a surfeit of bracken. The House, accustomed to coping with a BRACKEN of its own, looked sympathetic.



COMEDIANS IN CONFLICT
(of whom one unfortunately gets hold of the wrong end of his poker).

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN AND MR. LANSBURY.

necessities and amenities. The merry villagers, he indicated, much preferred the old oaken bucket to h. and c. laid on if the provision of the latter came out of their own pockets.

Sir HILTON YOUNG gave the local authorities and their officers a nice pat on the back and said that the Government was very pleased with them. The question of water supplies was constantly receiving the earnest attention of the Government. All the questions raised, in fact, were receiving the earnest attention of the Government, including that of malnutrition. This did not satisfy Mr. TOM WILLIAMS, who knew of one unemployed man with a wife and nine children whose total benefit came to

thetic. Sir GODFREY COLLINS was sympathetic, but doubted if this too assertive weed could be shorn, like SAMSON, on a national scale.

"Words," says POPE rather sententiously, "are like leaves, and where they most abound much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found," which is true, but does not alter the fact that a beechwood in winter is a scene of indescribable boskage compared with a political landscape without a few statesmanlike utterances to crown the bounteous scene.

Nobody can deny that the PRIME MINISTER limned the Anglo-American Conference landscape with an almost tropical luxuriance of verbiage, and if no refreshing fruits actually peeped through, why, that, as he frankly admitted, was not to be expected. The fruiting season is not due to begin until June 12th.

One says "landscape," but "seascape" would be perhaps the more appropriate word. "I was still at sea when America went off the Gold Standard," said Mr. MACDONALD, amid a brief hurricane of laughter.

Our symptoms exactly. We join with the PRIME MINISTER in believing that President ROOSEVELT has cheapened the American dollar to help the American farmer, and is not merely training it down to meet the pound in the flyweight class. We think that something will have to be done about War Debts, and we hope the World Economic Conference will have fine weather for it.

"Words, words, words," said Mr. LANSBURY, and promptly divagated to the subject of dropping diplomatic bricks. He and others of the Union of Democratic Control had striven to get rid of secret diplomacy, said the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION.

"You did it successfully in your Cabinet," interposed Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, and the ensuing mirth was merely redoubled when Mr. LANSBURY retorted that "when Cabinet Ministers fall out the public usually come by their own." What his Party wanted, continued Mr. LANSBURY, was a clear statement of the Government's policy on all the topics that are to come before the World Economic Conference.

There is no harm in asking. Sir HERBERT SAMUEL declared, perhaps a thought cryptically, that criticism of the PRIME MINISTER's absences overseas was misconceived. The rest of his speech was traditional. A tariff truce indeed! Nothing could save the world but a public tariff bonfire, the House gathered, and the sooner it happened the better.

Sir ROBERT HORNE found the situa-

tion puzzling and pleaded, as usual, for more silver hairs among the gold.

Sir JOHN SIMON denied Mr. LANSBURY's contention that raising wholesale commodity prices would hit the poor; and Colonel WEDGWOOD said that unless we had a plan, as France

took his seat among his peers, a distinguished figure and a prospectively useful legislator. The RODD temporarily disappears but may easily emerge from pickle if Lord PONSONBY falls foul of the Corporate State.

Their Lordships discussed the pollution of the sea by oil. Lord TEMPLEMORE, for the Government, felt that Lord BUXTON's plea for an international conference was untimely with the largest super-conference on record looming just ahead.

Lord JESSEL moved the Second Reading of the Universities Spurious Degrees Bill, pointing out that as matters stand a man can give himself the degree of Master of Agriculture or Bachelor of Angling with nobody to say him nay. On the same principle M.P. may mean Master of Plumbing, but such cases must be extremely rare.

In the Commons the FOREIGN SECRETARY answered a flock of Questions about the presence in this country of Herr ROSENBERG. The House gathered that, having received the gentleman at the request of the German Ambassador, he had with considerable frankness "explained to him the prevailing sentiment in this country on the subject of the internal policy of Germany." One gathers that the peripatetic apostle of Hitlerism is not finding it roses, roses all the way.

The House then fell to on the subject of the Danish, German and Argentine Trade Agreements. Criticism was still brisk, but had lost some of the sting imparted to it on a recent occasion.

The PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE "made no apology for being party to a policy that aimed to regulate and raise wholesale prices," and Major ELLIOT combated the suggestion that the agreements either prevented the Government from coming to the rescue of the British farmer or cut across the Ottawa Agreements. Planned trade, said the agricultural Æsculapius, was the way out of the economic labyrinth.

The critics, mostly recruited on this occasion from the Labour Benches, admitted that the Agreements might do a spot of good here and there, but nothing commensurate with the blow likely to be dealt the poor consumer by the expected rise in prices.

Things Which Might Have Been Expressed More Neatly.

"Mr. Lunn hit the sidescreen of the car with his head, but luckily, as this was composed of celluloid, he was unhurt."

Local Paper.

"THE ODD ANGLE.
The Eating of Children."

Headlines in Canadian Paper.

So odd that practically no one does it.



WANTED, A BRACKEN-CUTTING SCHEME.
MR. BRACKEN.

and America had plans, we would emerge from the Economic Conference carrying the baby. He might have said "still carrying the baby."

The House passed on to the Exchange Equalisation Bill.

Wednesday, May 10th.—Lord RENNELL, one-time Ambassador to Italy and another time M.P. for Marylebone,



THE GOD OF HEALING
(with Staff).

(After the statue of Æsculapius at the Louvre.)

MAJOR ELLIOT, M.B.

Pant Banditry.

[“The women’s habit has been to compel their victims to remove their trousers, which they took away with the loot, thus effectively adding to the difficulties of pursuit.”—*News from the United States.*]

It was a couple of lady-crooks,
Whose habit it was to raid
A one-man store and who did, what’s more,
A very successful trade;
For when they’d gathered their ill-earned swag
They’d flourish a gun and say,
“And now will you take your trousers off?
Yes, take those elegant trousers off.”
And, when he’d taken his trousers off,
They carried his bags away.

On many a store they played their game
And the public fear rose high,
For a man thus clad is a silent lad
Who shrinks from the naked eye;
Cover him fairly beneath the waist,
He’s hardy, and bold, and grim,
But, once he’s taken his trousers off,
He can’t turn out with his trousers off;
To give the alarm with his trousers off
Would settle his hash for him.

So all went well with the bandit-girls,
Till the tragic moment came
When they held up one who was not to be done
And hadn’t an ounce of shame;
As soon as ever their backs were turned,
Into the street he ran,
Ran like a hare with his trousers off,
Skipped like a ram with his trousers off,
Yelled “Stop Thieves” with his trousers off;
And that’s how the hunt began.

They nabbed that couple of lady-crooks
And landed them safe and snug,
And our flapping friend was game to the end
Till he left them locked in the jug;
And he strode off home with a noble crowd
Following up in rear
To cheer the man with his trousers off,
Who marched in front with his trousers off,
A Public Man with his trousers off
Who ought to be Mayor next year. DUM-DUM.



Tramp (retiring for the night, re newspapers from which numerous coupons have been removed). “THESE BLINKING COMPETITIONS WILL BE THE DEATH OF US.”

The Link.

THE Pollards and I are not known to one another personally. We have a mutual friend. (And I can only say that if they've heard anything like as many details about me as I have about them, but little is hidden from them.)

Well, the mutual friend recently approached me with an involved but not unprecedented statement.

Things, she said, were rather difficult. The Bank didn't seem to understand. The rent of the flat was due, and it made it frightfully awkward being paid monthly at that idiotic office, because one never quite knew whether it would be four weeks or five weeks, which made all the difference. That was probably what had muddled her, though of course the car had been an extravagance, but still it did go, and eleven-pounds-ten was really frightfully little and at any rate she'd paid cash and not instalments.

I said that I saw it all—and I saw what was coming next too.

"And I lent poor darling Maurice and Jane ten pounds for their horrible income-tax," said Laura, referring to the Pollards. "Of course Maurice gave me a cheque, but it's dated the thirtieth of next month, and I shall have to pay my rent long before that. Besides, I'm not to present the cheque until I hear from poor darling Maurice that it's all right."

One of the many things I know about the Pollards that they might perhaps prefer me not to know, is their singular and precarious system of meeting their liabilities. It is apparently their custom, or at any rate poor darling Maurice's custom, to exchange post-dated cheques for cash and then to hold up any further transaction by a series of frantic letter-cards explaining that It Will Be All Right next month—but not this. By what ingenious financial juggling it subsequently is All Right I cannot tell—but sooner or later (generally much, much later) it is.

So that I perfectly understood Laura's predicament.

"How much?" I said with the brevity of a sound business-woman and yet at the same time the ready tact of a kind-hearted friend.

"I don't suppose you could rise to twenty pounds?" said Laura on a note of pessimism that was, one hopes, rather due to her intimate knowledge of my private affairs (shared in full, no doubt, by the Pollards) than to any distrust of my generosity.

But I had a surprise for her.

"I can let you have twenty pounds," I said with absolutely perfect calm; "straightaway this minute—in fact the sooner the better, before it goes. And you needn't pay me back till the end of next month, what's more."

"What has happened?" said Laura, her already enormous eyes apparently doubled in size and on the verge of falling out of her head.

I gave her the necessary explanation,

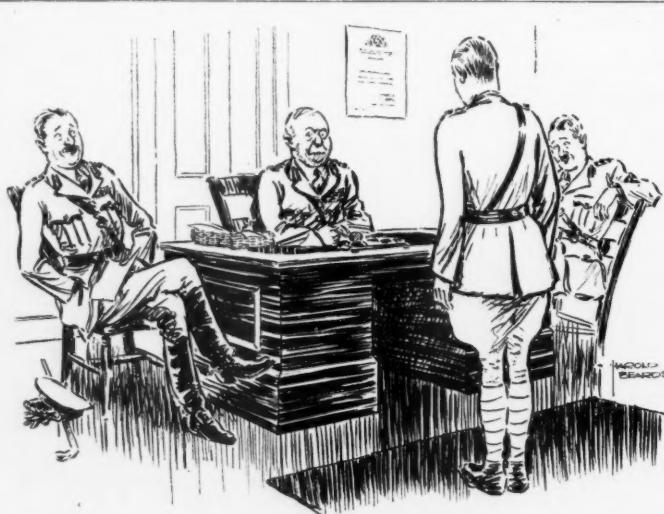
about probing into the inmost concerns of the Pollards. There are no secrets between us.)

Oh, said Laura, the twenty pounds. Now that darling Maurice had paid the income-tax out of the ten pounds she'd lent him, and she'd paid her rent out of the twenty pounds I'd lent her and would be able to let me have ten pounds back out of the post-dated cheque that Maurice said was all right now, that still left us with ten pounds over, because I'd said next month would do, and so she'd lent some of it to Jane for new dining-room curtains. And they were a great success. Green with parrots.

* * * * *

So that post-war finance, which totters on a basis all its own, has at least this to its credit: it has forged yet another link between myself and the Pollards. In fact, formality between us is now wholly out of place, and I can only think of them as poor darling Maurice and Jane. E. M. D.

Conjugation.



*Examining Officer. "Now what is the correct position for a big drummer in a massed band?"
Candidate. "Immediately behind the big drum, Sir."*

which included several references to purely personal matters, like Grandmama's birthday offering and the totally unexpected sale of a short story that had been turned down about fourteen times, and a tiny little fragment of returned income-tax. (Probably the very bit they'd added on to poor darling Maurice's so as to even things up.)

And Laura said it was all marvellous and I was an angel, and she'd pay it all back next month if I didn't mind having it in three bits because of the instalments on the carpet-sweeper and the wireless.

I said that I didn't, and wrote a cheque—and not a post-dated one either.

The next time I saw Laura she said merrily that Maurice and Jane—poor darlings—were simply delighted. I naturally inquired what about. (One has no longer any slightest delicacy

Perhaps in both I am mistaken,
And the proper verb's "awaken."
Granting this, it's "evens" staked
On "awakened" and "awaked";
And my choice must be revoked
If I leave out "waked" and
"woked."

Oh, if I could do the trick
With a made-up word like "wick,"
Or for ever lay the spook
By just saying, "I am wook!"
Better perhaps to run amôk
And in future call it "wuck."

"SANDHURST AND WOOLWICH.
WILL THE TWO BE AMALGAMATED?"
Headlines in Daily Paper.
If so, Sandwich would be a good name.

"The sailor escaped to America—smuggled out of this country in the Mayflower with the Plymouth Brethren."—*Daily Paper.*
And probably attracted there by the fabled charms of the Sob Sisters.



IT'S THE LITTLE DAILY DOSE THAT DOES IT

At the Play.

"CÆSAR'S FRIEND" (PICCADILLY).

Cæsar's Friend is an attempt to reconstruct the inner history of the last twenty-four hours before the Feast of the Passover of A.D. 33 (according to the traditional chronology), to set the events in a contemporary perspective and to suggest plausible interpretations of the characters and actions of the principal figures involved—other than the central Figure, who remains withdrawn—from hints in the meagre documentary record. The authors, DERMOT MORRAH and CAMPBELL DIXON, have accomplished their delicate task with an acute sense of dramatic values and a praiseworthy restraint. There is no affront to reverence. Their main preoccupation is with the characters of the Roman Governor, painstaking official and honest reluctant sceptic, and the sleek cynical priest-politician, *Caiaphas*, and with the diplomatic play between them. The authors have found an idiom that is lively and informal and yet avoids flippancy, and have provided an element of humour in the routine and professional detachment of the Roman garrison with no effect of incongruity or offence.

The action opens in the house of the *High Priest*. *Judas* of Kerioth has been bargaining for his price. *Judas* is presented to us as a bitter fiery Nationalist who has taken this extreme step to force the hand of the Master to assert his kingly authority and free his people from the alien yoke. His faith is no more than shaken, but it is the faith of the politician, not of the disciple.

Follows a conference on the problem of the fanatical Galilean between the *High Priest* and his father-in-law on the one side, and the rabbis *Gamaliel* and *Joseph* on the other. The priests are concerned for ecclesiastical authority, *Gamaliel* passionately solicitous for the integrity of the Law and the Faith, *Joseph* perplexed and apprehensive.

Caiaphas, nibbling sweetmeats and sipping the *Governor's* excellent Falernian, smoothly outlines his plan. The matter may safely be left to him. The *Governor* can be managed. Not for nothing has he cultivated his friendship and collected sundry items of gossip from Rome. There are levers that can be used. The scene, perhaps a trifle over-long—here and occasionally elsewhere the producer certainly allows a too

leisurely pace—is interesting. We move on to a post outside the gates, an inspection by the *Governor* impending; the soldiers hustling the excited people with the good-humoured contemptuous tolerance of a dominant race, exchang-

the blunt stand-no-nonsense tactics of his diehard Commandant, *Marcus Horatius Balbus*, who is for giving this rabble a touch of the good Roman sword.

A room in *Pilate's* villa shows us *Proculla*, *Marcella* (her maid of honour) and a young aide, *Lucius Licinius Cotta*, *Marcella's* betrothed. *Pilate* discusses with his wife the trials of a Provincial Governor and expresses some apprehension about disquieting reports from Capri affecting his standing with the divine *Tiberius* (there is scepticism in his emphasis on the adjective). He has this business of the agitator upon his mind, and *Proculla*, who has heard the man preaching, gives her favourable impression of his bearing and his teaching. *Caiaphas* enters to press forward the trial, dropping his barbed hints of the effect of weakness in emergency of a Provincial Governor on the Central Administration. *Mary* of Magdala, who has wheedled out of *Judas* the story of the imminent betrayal, comes to beg for protection for the Master—*Proculla's* disdainful coldness and the *Governor's* slight embarrassment in her presence indicating the reputation of the pleader in the eyes of the respectable.

In front of the Praetorium two hours after sunrise *Pilate*, balancing the conflicting motives—his sense of the defendant's innocence and nobility of bearing, the honour of Roman justice, his disdainful Roman contempt for the mob and its priestly manipulators, his private fears—makes his fight for the life of the prisoner. It is an effective moving scene, working skilfully to the artistic climax of the design. "If you release this man you are not CÆSAR's friend." Throughout the presence of the unseen Victim is felt; and the snarling of the mob, the slightly nervous evolutions of the guard, the bawled threats of the *Commandant* intensify the dramatic suspense.

An Epilogue shows us the garden of *Pilate's* villa, three crosses seen on a distant hill, the *Commandant*, business-like but a little moved, reporting queer details of the execution; *Pilate* distraught, *Proculla* comforting with wifely disingenuousness; the darkening of the sky; *Caiaphas's* contemptuous astronomical explanations, and the final cry of the doubt-ridden *Governor* envying his victim's assured faith.

Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH (*Pilate*), so often cast for the part of the cad-villain, is here happily given the oppor-



A FALERNIAN AND WATER.
Gamaliel MR. RICHARD GOOLDEN.
Caiaphas MR. FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN.

ing guard-room jokes and busy with the eyewash incident to inspections. *Pilate*, courteous, liberal-minded, kindly and impressive, lightly counters



THE DIEHARD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.
Balbus MR. AUBREY DEXTER.
Pontius Pilate . . MR. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH.

tunity of a full-length portrait of a cultured gentleman of fine sensibility, humour, intelligence and subtlety. The part is admirably written and it is brilliantly interpreted with the high technical skill and resourcefulness of a thoughtful and sensitive actor—a quite exceptionally good piece of work. Mr. FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN as *Caiaphas* outshines Canon Ronder of *The Cathedral* in a clever character-study in which the authors have, one might guess, a little over-emphasised the sleekness and underlined the strength. Mr. AUBREY DEXTER's hearty *Balbus*, Mr. ROBERT SPEAGHT's violent *Judas*—the character not made quite consistent by the authors—Miss GILLIAN LIND's human *Mary* (occasionally displaying less poise than we may assume in the original), Miss MARY O'FARRELL's gracious *Procula* and Mr. GEORGE MORE O'FERRALL's unstressed sketch of a bored exiled young man of fashion and carpet knight were all excellent. A finely-imagined and deftly-constructed play. T.

"HERITAGE" (FORTUNE).

On the ancient assumption that a nice bit of gloom does you good, the tonic effects of this play should be equivalent to about a month in the South of France. "Inspissated" is, I think, the appropriate word.

Mr. J. O. TWISS, who wrote and produced it, is presumably an ardent eugenist, who feels deeply that the time has come when something more positive should be done to check our appalling production of mental and physical defectives; and in this one is naturally with him. I say "presumably" not in sarcasm but because a doubt did cross my mind more than once as to whether his main intention was not simply to shock us. When, for instance, an epileptic attacked his step-sister, off the stage, and she was carried on to die while he returned with hands dripping blood, moral purpose seemed founded in inferior Guignol. But it was a doubt which was dispelled by evident sincerity.

IBSEN was, I suppose, the most effective of theatrical propagandists because he was first of all a dramatist and kept his two callings in that order. He attacked the forces of darkness with a fine rapier, and took care not to blunt

it by clumsy misuse. Only a silly public will allow itself to be repeatedly hit over the head with a rather messy bludgeon.

The play opens in a Criminal Court on Mr. MALCOLM KEEN pleading for

(2) an old couple do their best to dissuade their son from marrying a decent but epileptic girl, and fail. In (3) a young man is disowned by his father for shying at a *mariage de convenance* and emigrates to South Africa with the girl of his choice. In (4), which is dramatically the best scene of all (though it scarcely sounds it), a tramp, a mentally-defective servant-girl and a stray youth are preparing to spend the night on an Embankment seat when an unexpected distribution of half-crowns enables the youth to lead the girl, nearly dead with cold, to a room "where no questions are asked." In (5) the Ripper of Barchester is unmasked, with no apology to poor TROLLOPE, and led away from his snug little home.

After an interval, essential to our convalescence, we are given the sequels to these scenes, the time being the present. In (1) the actor's son, himself a drunkard and a brilliant actor, throws away his last chance by coming tipsy to a first night. In (2), as I mentioned before, the epileptic son of the marriage slays his step-sister. In (3), a thoroughly bad scene, the emigrant returns prosperous, accompanied by a Springbok son, to find that his brother has made the marriage which he refused, with lamentable results. In (4), a corridor in an Asylum for Women, we catch a sufficient glimpse, through the hatch of a padded cell, of the maid-servant's child. And in (5), a condemned cell, the Ripper's daughter follows in her father's footsteps to the gallows.

Returning to the original Court, Mr. MALCOLM KEEN concludes his defence by insisting that, owing to pre-natal influences and heredity, many infants are predestined to a tragic fate utterly beyond their control.

A single example would have sufficed. It is surely unnecessary to spend the evening driving home a point which must be evident already to everyone who is likely to be in the audience. Mr. TWISS would then have had time at least to outline a constructive policy, for some hints of which we looked in vain in a play which is too fragmentary to gather serious momentum.

Miss CICELY PAGET BOWMAN, Mr. GEORGE BELMORE and Mr. BERNARD LEE stood out from a large cast by the high standard of their acting. ERIC.



DRAMATIC ARREST OF MURDERER.

*Martin Volker Mr. ERIC LUGG.
Detective Mr. FREDERICK ROSS.*

the life of a young murderer who, he says, while not actually certifiable, has everything in his heredity against him. To illustrate his point he would like to



GLOOMIER AND GLOOMIER STILL.

describe five cases from his own experience. The Court then fades out and five separate scenes follow, all dated 1907.

In (1) we are privileged to see a talented actor drinking himself to death in provincial lodgings, to the horror of his wife, who is expecting a baby. In



"I'VE SIMPLY HAD TO REDUCE MY SUBSCRIPTIONS, DEAR. IN FACT I'VE GIVEN UP MY CRUELTY TO CHILDREN ALTOGETHER."

The Woodman.

"GOOD-MORNING," I said to the woodman.

He put down the stick he was cutting and turned towards me in the slow manner of his kind. He was old, gnarled and weather-beaten—a perfect woodman.

"Mornin'," he said, and turning to his work he split a stick with one dexterous movement.

"Queer weather we're having," I said. "It ought to be summer, but it's cold and wet."

"Ah!" he answered, "an' no wonder.

Nor you won't get no fine weather till the moon changes. You wait an' you'll get plenty of sun, but not till the end of the month."

"Another fortnight!" I exclaimed. "That seems a long time to wait for summer. The seasons are getting later and later."

"Of course they are," he said. "It stands to reason. It's all along o' these Leap Years."

I could make nothing of this, but it sounded important, so after a suitable pause for reflection I said, "I don't think I ever thought of that."

"Ah!" he said, "nor wouldn't many

a man think of it; but it stands to reason."

I felt that I could not hide my ignorance any longer, so I said, "How exactly does it happen that the seasons are getting later?"

"Well," he said, "it's quite clear to me. They can call it May if they like, but the fact is that it's April, an' they're deceivin' us."

He turned to his work, and for some time I stood admiring his uncanny skill with an axe and trying to fathom the meaning of his last remark. At last I had to give up the attempt and confess that I didn't understand. He was a charming old man and he showed no impatience at my obtuseness.

"Oh," he said, "that's easily explained. When they makes the calendar up in London they take an' add a day on to February once every four years; I expect you've noticed it. Well, that's how it happens right enough; they keep on adding a day, and naturally spring gets later an' later."

I thought a bit. Then I said, "I suppose that also explains why our summers go on so late into the autumn nowadays?"

"Of course it do," he said. "There they sits up in London, an' they alters the seasons. They keeps on," he added with rising irritation, "a-shiftin' and a-shiftin' of 'em, an' a-budgin' an' a-budgin' of 'em along. Ah, that they do. But when I were a boy things were very different."

I felt incapable of arguing the point. I am no mathematician, and I always have to think for a long time before I can decide which way round the world you have to go in order to save a day. I knew that my friend was much wiser than myself in many ways and could tell the time by the sun or the age of a tree by merely looking at it. I felt too a certain sympathy with his attack on the experts who arrange the calendar for us; and the fact that I had my doubts of his main contention did not detract in the least from the very real pleasure I took in his theory. He had given me a vision of a darkened room in Greenwich Observatory (I am sure it is a darkened room with huge curtained windows), where, round a vast table, is gathered a sinister group of mathematicians. It is the ASTRONOMER-ROYAL and his henchmen; and once in every four years they meet in secret conclave and sit far into the night, the table littered with sheets of abstruse calculations. And we know what they are doing. They are meddling with the seasons, a-shiftin' and a-shiftin' of 'em, and a-budgin' and a-budgin' of 'em along.

More About the New Shades.

By Our Own Fashion Expert.

As no student of the day's affairs can have failed to notice, the smartest shades for the summer of 1933 have now been decided upon and are as follows:—

Verdigris	Baby Blue
Navy Cut	Baby Pink
Pearl Blue.	

A bare statement to this effect, however, does less than justice to those whose task it has been to arrive at a solution of the many difficult problems involved. For example, it is no secret that verdigris was run very close by dishwater and mildew, and that in the Tobacco class navy cut was only just preferred to thick black, with light returns a good third.

It may be mentioned that the predominating objection to dishwater appears to have been the fear that it might be difficult to standardise, but there was also a feeling that in any event it might not be generally acceptable for evening use.

A warning is needed as regards pearl blue. It must not be confused with pearl grey, which was a popular shade some years ago when pearls were believed to be grey. Nor of course should it on any account be confused with baked tapioca, which, although it has not secured a place in the first five, will be featured quite a lot in the coming season for informal occasions. Baked tapioca is of course a shade softer than pearl.

In the Baby classes blue and pink are preferred, and will, it is stated, be the favourites for Ascot. Baby pink will be recognised at once, and has indeed been well-known for a long time; but baby blue, I am assured, is quite a discovery. It is of course that subtle shade which baby turns when left too long in cold water. Another colour in this range which has been seen now and again but has yet to become popular is baby purple. The trouble here is that all babies do not go the same shade of purple when rattled, and that the experts have so far failed to agree upon the exact tone which should be chosen.

It was rumoured that an effort would be made this season to popularise seasick green, which came under notice with the continued vogue for holiday cruising, but the idea has been dropped as not being likely to command general favour.

In reds and browns, lentil and stewed prune will continue to enjoy a certain vogue, especially for mid-day functions,



"THIS IS A RUDDY FINE GAME 'OLYSTONIN' THE DECKS AT ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNIN'."

"YOU AINT GOT THE RIGHT WAY OF LOOKIN' AT IT. I GETS A LOT OF 'APPINESS BY BANGIN' ABOUT AN' KEEPIN' PASSENGERS AWAKE WHAT'S PAID A 'UNDRED QUID FOR THE OUTIN'."

and there are many who will patronise the lovely "Budget" or mild-and-bitter ensemble for evening affairs.

"CHESHIRE BEAGLES HUNT BULL."
Cheshire Paper.

We are not told which animal gained the bull's-eye.

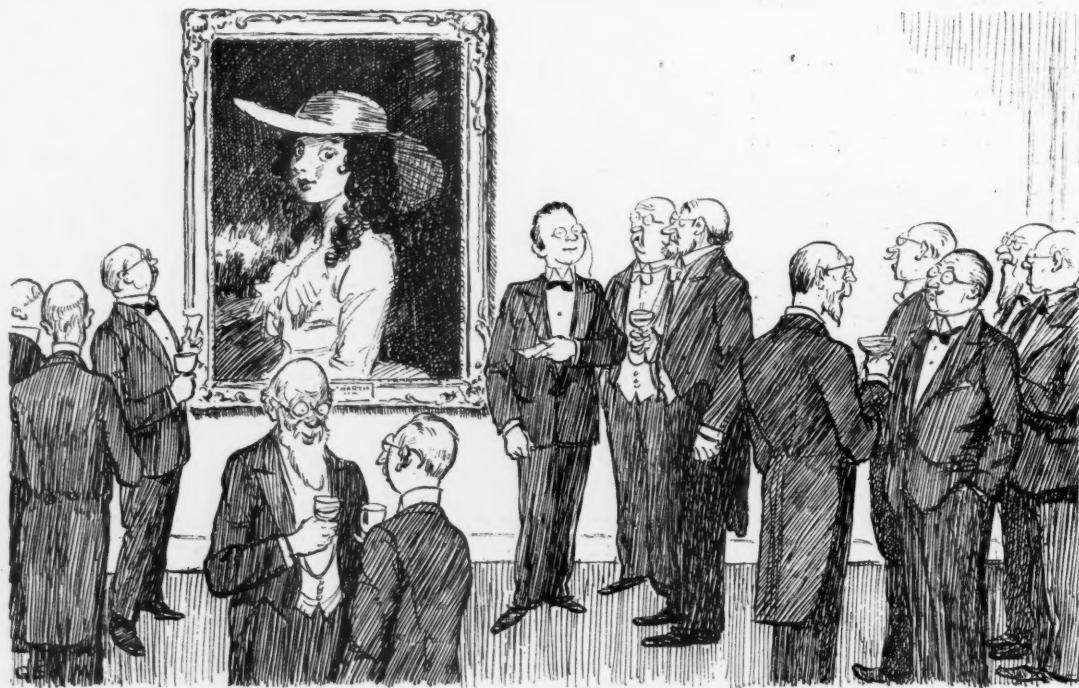
**"INFANTS IN ARMS
LIKE THE MUSIC ON THE WIRELESS."**
Headlines in Sunday Paper.

Exactly, sometimes.

Gouging without Tears.

"Now have a good look at the eye by raising the upper lid. If you can see it, remove it with the twisted corner of a clean handkerchief or by the aid of a sharpened wooden match, but use the latter with the greatest care and gentleness."—*Daily Paper.*

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL sold the first stamp a few minutes after he had opened the new post-office at Dagenham. Customers should be warned, however, that as soon as the novelty has worn off things will become normal again.



A PORTRAIT OF MISS BETTY MARTIN HAS BEEN PRESENTED TO THE SOCIETY OF OPTICIANS.

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"No Surrender" Oates.

IT is hard to rate too highly the intimate and masterly picture which Commander BERNACCHI has drawn of Captain LAWRENCE OATES, who sought death in an Antarctic blizzard in the vain hope of saving Captain SCOTT and his companions. The prelude to this last adventure of *A Very Gallant Gentleman* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, 8/6) is in itself adventurous, for the lad who left Eton an invalid won his famous sobriquet in the Boer War and was recommended for the Victoria Cross at twenty-one. But it was as an expert on ponies and dogs that OATES volunteered for the second SCOTT Expedition; and the account of his dealings with both—especially his own charming and all too scanty letters—reveal an exquisite kindliness as well as an indefatigable painstaking. To Commander BERNACCHI—who was, of course, with SCOTT in 1901—plenty of dogs are the secret of AMUNDSEN's success and their lack the main cause of SCOTT's disaster. But, although the expert criticisms and expert vividness of his narrative render it unique as a record of Antarctic exploration, it is as the presentation of an heroic English soul that it deserves to become a classic.

A Historian Looks at the World.

Member of Parliament and Chichele Professor, Sir CHARLES OMAN has never allowed himself to be overawed by the solemnity either of St. Stephen's or of Oxford. For forty years and more he has been presenting the facts of history with an actuality which has endeared him

(*experto crede*) to the schoolboy and a catholicity of interests which has rendered him, I fancy, just a little suspect to Dr. Dryasdust. In *Things I Have Seen* (METHUEN, 8/6) he writes frankly *en pantoufles*, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say in travelling kit, at any rate unencumbered by the insignia of academic office; and the result is a dozen of vivacious and illuminating sketches of cities and men, from the Paris of NAPOLEON THE LITTLE, of whose sagging majesty he was witness while still (presumably) in knicker-bockers, to the Rome of MUSSOLINI. What is more, he has had a happy knack of being on the spot when royalty or its substitute was at a crisis or a revolution in the making. This he puts down to chance, but I should prefer to regard it as destiny, for Sir CHARLES OMAN on the political spot is undoubtedly the right man in the right place.

A Centenary Tribute.

A cordial welcome is due to the admirable volume, *Brahms* (RICH AND COWAN, 15/- net), in which Mr. WILLIAM MURDOCH has paid homage to the genius of the composer whose centenary fell the week before last. Little is said of his songs except in terms of general praise, and even less of the magnificent motets and part-songs for mixed choir; but Mr. MURDOCH, himself a brilliant pianist, writes with authority and in full detail of the pianoforte works. He has much to say and says it well of BRAHMS's friends, champions and detractors. In this country he suffered on the one hand from the disparagement of semi-literate and ill-equipped Victorian musical critics who regarded him as suspect because of his connection with SCHUMANN, and therefore as a rival of MENDELSSOHN; on the other from the indiscreet partisanship of humourless high-brows. One of these once hissed a performance of a waltz by STRAUSS at the Royal College of Music, in ignorance of

the fact that BRAHMS was a devoted admirer and friend of the Waltz-King. Mr. MURDOCH's picture of the man is free from idolatry; BRAHMS was no flatterer and hated "the pap of praise." But his wit, his honesty and his splendid and secret munificence are here convincingly illustrated.

A Central African Miscellany.

Should you be in any doubt about Kikuyu,

Kinangop, Kavirondo or the like,
Or should some fact elude you
In connection with the kudu,
The podocarp, the duiker or the shrike;

If you wonder whether crocodiles can chew you
With seventy teeth or only sixty-eight,
Consult Sir JOHN BLAND-SUTTON.
Who is what I call a nut on
Getting all such little difficulties straight.

His volume, *Men and Customs in Uganda*

(At 12/6, which HUTCHINSON puts out),

Is a storehouse of such details,
Which he generously retails
On the valley of the Rift and thereabout.

He's distinctly, on this unfamiliar land, a
Most readable and knowledgeable chap.
I could add a further stanza
On Victoria Nyanza,
But this ought to be sufficient.

Verbum sap.

An American in Central Europe.

Mr. JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER having renounced the congenial comforts of Pennsylvania to visit Berlin (CASSELL, 7/6), Munich, Vienna, and Budapest, has come on the whole to the conclusion that local tradition is a nuisance, cosmopolitan culture the best; and future is probably with young Berlin—which has learnt to amuse itself without food or the family—America is his spiritual home. His visit was paid in an unstable interval—already his Berlin is transformed—and I think he sought a cumulatively depressing aspect of Europe in deliberately cultivating her distractions. Food and women, cookery and conversation, the counterclaims of Pilsener, Rheinwein, Maibowle and raspberry syrup recur in appreciative but not profound iteration. Berlin spends its time sardonically sun-bathing; for winter (as the song says) is away in these light-hearted pages. Munich belongs to the middle-aged, but the meals are adequate. Vienna, graceful and faded, was full of American Rotarians. Budapest, hardly European, remained vital and romantic. But the pick of the traveller's *Reisebilder* is the portrait (inset) of the Bavarian village whose dance ended with the fruitless summons of a taxi and a row home on the black lake at midnight.



"YOU SEEM SO GROWN-UP, ARMSTRONG—SORT OF MANLY. DOES IT TAKE LONG TO GET LIKE THAT?"
"OH! A TERM OR TWO, BUT OF COURSE YOU HAVE TO HAVE IT IN YOU."

Murder in Midlothian.

When, nearly seven weeks after her disappearance, the body of old *Miss Jessica Warrilaw* was discovered, stabbed and mutilated, in her own tool-shed, all Edinburgh found food for conjecture and the crime seemed very far from solution. The most likely motive for the outrage was *The Warrilaw Jewel* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6), a famous heirloom whose inheritance kept the closer branches of the family tree in constant agitation; but in seven weeks moss grows even on the hottest trail, and the fact that *Miss Jessica* was known to have set out for London was a baffling complication, though in the end not too much for *Bob Stuart*, one of the most thorough detectives on my shelves, or for *John Morrison*, *Miss Jessica's* lawyer, whose wife tells the story. This is Mrs. WINIFRED PECK's first venture in criminal fiction, but she has achieved an admirable compromise between the demands of science and literature. The

clues are skilfully and legitimately laid, the curve of intensity mounts sharply, and, more than this, her satiric picture of pre-War Edinburgh society, cleft by ancient feud, is a background which gives the book a quality not enjoyed by many of its fellows.

Pacific Hotel.

Mrs. Van Kleet (SECKER, 7/6) was a majestic lady who ran "The Hotel" on a certain island in the Pacific, with attractions respectable and not so respectable; and Mrs. ELINOR MORDAUNT, in drawing her character, has made it easy to believe that such a woman in such a community could possess a power and a reputation which defied all the drawbacks of her past and present. When first her long-lost son's runaway wife, lovely, young and mis-mated, arrives at "The Hotel," and then the son himself, an elderly awkward missionary, *Mrs. Van Kleet* handles the situation with firmness and fairness. The son, working among the plague victims, dies in her arms and her short interlude of emotion is over, but it leaves its mark not only on the heart of this island queen but on that of the reader; for *Mrs. Van Kleet* herself is indeed the triumph of the book—a figure which might have emerged from CONRAD. But why Mrs. MORDAUNT of all people flaws her fine book by frequently referring to this missionary son of *Mrs. Van Kleet's* earliest and probably only marriage, under the title of "The Reverend Fulton," it passes my ingenuity to imagine.

Vigour and Violence.

Mr. VALENTINE WILLIAMS is well-known as a melodrama-monger. He knows well how to elicit the stock responses from his readers; his doubled epithets do the trick every time. In *Fog* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) he has called in Miss DOROTHY RICE SIMS to assist him with some American dialogue. There is plenty of good honest fun on the liner *Barbaric*, which is crossing the Atlantic in poor visibility with a mixed bag of passengers. Murders occur frequently, and the meanest act soon becomes "of sinister significance." "The faint staccato thump of the screws and the rattling jingling vibration" form the background before which "a homicidal maniac is loose, strangling his victims at will." We are relieved when finally, "with mouth all bloody, the killer was huddled in his chair, glaring with eyes savage and despairing and features convulsed with hate at the sphinx-like face of his adversary standing motionless at the desk."

A Sudden Exit.

Readers of thrilling fiction are not unfamiliar with house-parties whose pleasures are suddenly interrupted by murder; but, although the setting of Mr. LAURENCE W. MEYNELL'S

Paid in Full (HARRAP, 7/6) is rather commonplace, the actors in the drama are drawn with noticeable skill. Sir John Watterson was stabbed to death during an evening when his house was full of people and he was on the point of giving an entertainment. Down from Scotland Yard came young Mark Foster, who—Mr. MEYNELL at times can be very caustic—"had triumphed over the disadvantages of a public-school education." Quiet in manner and sound in method, *Foster* is a pleasant sleuth withal, and the local policemen, I am thankful to say, are not mere figures of fun. The mystery is well concealed, but Mr. MEYNELL has given his readers a really fair chance to guess by whom Sir John was murdered.

Jacobites.

As a rule Mr. RAFAEL SABATINI is not slow off the mark, but some time passes before *The Stalking-Horse* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) really gets into its stride, and even then the

action of the tale is too often interrupted by prolonged conversations. The tragedy of Glencoe set flame to the passions of some Jacobite extremists, who decided that by fair means or foul *William of Orange* must cease to occupy the throne of England. In these plots, *Lady Lochmore*, a MacDonald by birth, and her brother took an active part; but there was a traitor in their camp who from first to last was playing for his own hand. With the arrival of a soldier of fortune, *Colonel Dudley Walton*, the pace of the story quickens, and the scene in which he exposes the traitor is remarkably vivid and dramatic. But taken as a whole this is not to be reckoned amongst



Mr. RAFAEL SABATINI'S most notable novels.

Mr. Punch on Tour.

THE Collection of original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, is on view at the Public Art Gallery, Hereford, until May 20; at the Medici Art Gallery, 63, Bold Street, Liverpool, May 27 to June 10; at Halifax, June 17 to July 15; at Wrexham, July 24 to August 12; and at Bath, August 26 to September 23.

A separate Exhibition of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient is on view at the Shipley Art Gallery, Gateshead, until June 10; at Burton-on-Trent, June 24 to July 22; and at Bolton, August 5 to September 2.

Invitations to visit either of these Exhibitions at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, "Punch" Office, 10, Bouvierie Street, E.C.4.

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